







THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 12, 1854.

### THE SURVIVING DARTMOUTH PRISONERS.

Some time ago the Eastern Argus published a few of the names of persons now residing in Maine, who had been prisoners at Dartmouth during the last war, and who were present at the massacre.

We have a neighbor in Winthrop, and a very worthy citizen he is too, who was also a prisoner at Dartmouth at that time. We allude to Enos Chandler. He was at that period quite a young man, and belonged to North Yarmouth. He had intended to give some sketch of Mr. Chandler, and his Dartmouth experience, at the time the Argus published the names referred to, and he kept while there, but he neglected it until now. The following paragraphs reminded us of our former intention, and we doubt not some of his old comrades will be glad to hear from one of their fellow sufferers.

There are remaining in this city eight of the survivors in the Dartmouth Prison. [New York Journal.]

New York makes rather a poor show on this subject, compared with this vicinity. Our neighboring town of Marblehead contains about forty of the Dartmouth prisoners, who are still living, and we have between twenty and thirty in this city, many of whom are among our most respectable citizens. We wish we could give a complete list of them, but the following names are well known—David A. Neal, Allen Putnam, Nathaniel Weston, Benjamin F. Browne, Joseph Strout, Henry Tibbets, Richard Davis. Some of the whole number are in needy circumstances, and Mr. Upham, our representative in Congress, carried to Washington with him a petition from most of the survivors in this vicinity, asking for aid from the general government. They deserve it; but if they receive their deserts, they will be better off than many petitioners to Congress.

The wanton massacre of the prisoners at Dartmouth prison, took place April 6th, 1815. Seven defenceless Americans were killed, thirty dangerously wounded, and thirty slightly do; in all sixty-seven killed and wounded—without any cause or provocation whatever. Among the wounded, belonging to this vicinity, were—James Wells, of Salem; Thomas Finley, Edward Gardner, of Thom, and John Peck, of Marblehead; Ephraim Lincoln, and—Erin, of Boston. [Salem Observer.]

Mr. Chandler, as we before stated, at the time of the war was a citizen of North Yarmouth, the place of his birth. He was the son of Joshua Chandler, who emigrated to North Yarmouth, from Duxbury, Mass. In June 1813 he enlisted on board the privateer Growler, Capt. Lindsey. On the 7th of July following, they were taken by the English gun-brig, Electric, Capt. Gregory, off Newfoundland. Capt. G. kept the whole crew 7 years in irons.

He carried them into St. John's N. F., and subsequently into Halifax N. S., where they were thrust into prison on the 9th of September. On the 20th of November following, they were put on board of a transport ship, bound to England, where they arrived on Christmas day. They were then confined on board the prison ship Bahama, off Chatham, where they were kept during the winter, and the summer following.

In the fall they were removed to Dartmouth Prison, where they were kept until June 1815. Thus from June 1813 to June 1815 Mr. C. was a prisoner of war, a part of the time in irons, and had a full share of the tender mercies usually extended to men in that unfortunate predicament.

Mr. C., in his Journal, gives a minute account of this prison, and the scenery surrounding it, the appearance of which he says "is the most unpleasant and disagreeable imaginable. The country around as far as the eye can reach is uneven, barren and dreary, not a tree, not a shrub, nor scarcely a plant is seen for miles around. Here and there appears a thatched hotel whose outward appearance bespeaks the misery and poverty that dwell within."

This depot, as he calls it, consisted of seven prisons, each of them calculated to contain fifteen hundred prisoners. At the time he speaks of, it was guarded by about two thousand militia, and two companies of Royal Artillery. He pays a tribute of respect and gratitude to Dr. Magraw, who had charge of the hospital, who he calls a gentleman of eminence and skill in his profession. The prisoner says, he universally received every attention, that kindness, delicacy and humanity could dictate. But the rest of the officers, especially Capt. Shortland, come in for an unlimited share of anathemas.

He states that although the weather was cold, and many of the prisoners almost naked, no fire was allowed, no clothes were sent to them to protect their shivering limbs, and half-finished bodies from the inclemency of the weather. The prisoners at that time (winter of 1813 & 14) received no assistance from our government, and many of them having been robbed or plundered of their clothing, were but little clothed. In the April following, they received from the agent a suit of clothes and two half-pence a day, which, though small, was a great relief. The prisoners often received very harsh and rigorous treatment from the agent, he having uniformly endeavored to curtail the smallest liberty or indulgence.

The massacre which took place on the 6th of April, 1815, he says was commenced by his (Shortland's) orders. Some of the prisoners, for the sake of mischief or fun, took it into their heads to make a hole through the wall, in front of No. 7. After it was done an officer came and desired that they would retire into the prison, it being nearly dark. Some, who felt mischievous, refused, and insulted him by throwing dirt at him.

Soon after, the alarm bell rang, and the militia beat to arms. The chief part of the prisoners, not knowing what had been going on, ran to the gates to see what was the matter. To their surprise they saw about five hundred of the guard marching in, and Shortland at the head of them. He immediately gave orders for the front rank to fire upon them. They obeyed, and the rear immediately did the same. The prisoners began to retire, and the troops followed them into the yard. Seven men were killed and sixty wounded. One man by the name of John Washington, being severely wounded, was over-taken by the soldiers. He begged for his life, but those ruffians, deaf to the voice of pity, pointed their muskets at his head, and deliberately blew out his brains. A boy fourteen years of age was run through the body by an officer of the guard.

Mr. Chandler gives a list of the names of the killed and wounded, and their places of residence. By this list we see that none of the prisoners killed were from this State. The following from this State were wounded, viz—Robert Willett, Portland; James Banter, Wiscasset; Robert Feltis, Bath; William Blake, Brunswick; James Grumbell, Portland.

## THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

**EDITORIAL TABLE.**  
By some strange oversight, we omitted, in our last, to speak of the detention of the cars on the K. & P. R. R. No cars arrived at this place from Wednesday night until the following Monday, owing to the great quantity of snow upon the track. But the trouble is all over now, and the cars are again performing their regular trips. On the exact the storm was dreadfully severe. A great number of vessels were lost, and some lives. The most disastrous shipwreck, however, is that of the Staffinshire, (noticed in another place), by which 180 lives were lost.

The Snowdonian Clarion says "the roads were so completely blocked up that no mails were received at that place from Wednesday until Saturday night. From Bangor, no mail was received for the week, after Monday."

We add the following items concerning the disasters on the coast:

Account from Provincetown state that the schooner Mount Vernon, of Westport, Me., with hard lumber, is wrecked on the east coast, near Wellfleet, all hands but one lost. The vessel was taken out of the cabin deck. The vessel will be a total loss.

Schuyler Gardner, of Gardiner, Capt. Duell, from Galveston for Boston, with cotton and hides, drifted from her anchorage in Light House Channel, and after cutting away her masts, went ashore on Hull beach.

Mark Lecky, of Warren, Me., Capt. Hall, from New Orleans for Boston, when four miles northwest of Plymouth Rock, was obliged to cut away her masts to keep her from going ashore.

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**THE LATE STORM.**  
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**GATHERED NEWS FRAGMENTS, &c.**  
*The Railroad War at Erie.* The latest accounts from Erie state that all is quiet now in that quarter, and that the track of the Western road has been re-laid, and will not be molested until the final decision of the Supreme Court is known. The people, however, it is said, will not permit the North-East road to put down the four feet ten inch track on the North-East road, and the long gap on that road therefore remains. The Erie Gazette says, the four feet ten inch track "never can go through Erie county."

*Kassuth.* The N. Y. Times learns from private sources entitled to credit that Gov. Kassuth left London for Constantinople on the 23d of December. Of course he would not have taken this step without an intimation from the Sultan that his presence there would be welcome.

*Horse Killed by a Fall of Ice.* A truck horse was instantly killed, Wednesday afternoon, at the corner of Haymarket square and Haverhill street, by the fall of a cake of ice from the Boston and Maine Railroad depot, on his head.

*A Watch well Secured.* When the magnificent palace at Somerset Square, London, was in progress of erection, a watch fell from the pocket of a man on the roof, and lodged between two stones near the third-story window, and yet remains distinctly visible, but beyond reach.

*Philadelphia Statistics of 1853.* The consumption of water in Philadelphia during the year past, which was supplied by the Fairmount Waterworks, amounted to upwards of two thousand millions of gallons. That supplied by the Schuylkill works was nearly fourteen hundred millions. The amount of gas supplied by the city was 24,772,000 cubic feet, and the total length of gas pipe laid down in the streets is 110 miles.

*Business of the New York Canals.* The total estimated value of all the property that came to the Hudson river by the New York canals during 1853, reaches the immense aggregate of over seventy-one millions of dollars.

*Consumption of Coal.* Baltimore consumes about 5,000,000 bushels of coal annually; Philadelphia 9,000,000; and Cincinnati 6,000,000.

*A Venerable Apple Tree.* Mr. Marsh of Littlefield, Mass., has on his premises an apple tree which measures fourteen feet in circumference, and yielded twenty bushels of good fruit the past season. It had yielded previously to 1853, about 100 bushels a year. It was carried to Littlefield from Hartford by the first settlers of the former town, and has borne delicious fruit for 180 years.

*The purchase of Mt. Vernon by Virginia.* The National Intelligencer learns that the portion of the Governor's Message which related to the purchase of Mount Vernon was referred to a special committee of five, with instructions to inquire into the expediency of purchasing the same on behalf of the State of Virginia, and that there is but little doubt that the committee will report in favor of the purchase.

*A Courageous Woman.* On Thursday morning some little excitement was produced among the good people of Lowell by a horse which, with sleigh attached, being started by a snow slide, commenced running at a furious rate through the street. A woman, who saw the movement, sprang boldly in front of the animal, and grasping his bridle, brought him to a speedy stand, to the astonishment and admiration of all beholders.

*Sanctions Confirmed.* The Governor of Mass. has issued his warrant for the execution of Jas. Clough, convicted of murder in Bristol, Co., about a year ago. The 26th day of April next is fixed upon for the execution.

*A Horse seized the reins.* Mrs. Jenny Goldschmidt recently received a letter from a Texas farmer, bearing the stamps of half the post offices in the United States and Europe. The letter was directed to "Miss Jenny Lind," and contained an offer of his "heart, hand and fortune." Otto was invested with the responsibility of answering the amorous petition.

*Washing by Steam.* By imperial decree all the linen and so forth, of the French army, is to be washed by steam apparatus. The process has been essayed with manifold advantage in some of the military hospitals. The economy of time and money is considerable, also, the sanitary benefit for the troops.

*Death of Mrs. Opie.* Mrs. Amelia Opie, the celebrated authoress, died, a few weeks since, at her residence in Norwich, England, in the 85th year of her age.

*Kissing Priests in Providence.* William Hendry was tried in Providence on Tuesday for kissing three ladies in the street against their consent. He was fined five dollars and costs on each complaint, amounting to \$75 for each kiss.

*Population of the United States.* The total white population of the United States is found to be 19,553,964; free colored, 434,493; slaves, 3,204,213. Total, 23,192,670. The total number of miles of territory of the United States is stated at 3,396,863, which gives a population of 701 to the square mile.

*Sad Accident in Rockland.* A little girl about eight years old, named Kelley, fell one day from the line kilns, in Rockland, Me., on Monday last, and was so severely burned that she died on Sunday last.

*THUNDERSTORM GALE AT THE EASTWARD—HEAVY LOSS—DISASTROUS TO THE SHIPPING.* Halifax, Jan. 3. A violent gale prevailed here on the 22d and morning of the 23d, and the result was a number of vessels at the wharves in the harbor. The loss is computed at \$200,000.

*Steamer Marlin arrived on the 26th, from New York, with loss of boats; saw a large shipwreck of Samba dismasted, her deck being over with the water.*

*The brigantine Hiram, arrived on Tuesday, reports having fallen in with schooner Forest, Johnson, master, of Adirondack, Me., on Sunday. Took off the captain, three men and a boy; was 20 miles S. W. of Cape Sable, and a total wreck. On Monday, ten miles south of Samba, fell in with the schooner Mary Augusta, of Machias, Me. dock in the harbor. Captain Johnson sent four men on board with the intention of bringing her in, but five miles off the harbor she turned over, the hands on board escaping; brought register of vessel; took captain's chest, containing clothes, &c. In opinion that the captain was washed overboard.*

*Also arrived three-masted brigantine, Charles Keen, Chatham, from New York for Antwerp, with flour and wheat, put in leaky; will discharge cargo.*

*LOSS OF THE WINFIELD SCOTT.* San Francisco papers, brought from New Orleans, furnish us with some further particulars relative to the loss of the Pacific mail steamer Winfield Scott, which went ashore on the 21st ult., on the island of Anacapa, which is near the southwest point of the island of Santa Barbara. A dense fog prevailed at the time of the vessel going ashore, and it is probable that current contributed to the disaster. The steamer struck upon the rocks in the night time, bow on, and then with her stern, and again on her side, carrying away her rudder. The boats were sent out, and the passengers with their baggage were placed on shore. They were provided with all necessities from the ship, and experienced no hardships of any kind. The Winfield Scott was estimated to be worth \$300,000. At the last accounts she was hanging on the rocks by her bow, her stern being in eight fathoms of water. The tide ebbed and flowed in her hold, rising to the cabin floor, and she would undoubtedly go to pieces in the next storm. The energetic and efficient exertions of the captain and officers in the trying emergency are highly commended.

*Several articles prepared for this paper, are unavoidably crowded out.*

**LEGISLATIVE COMPEND.**  
WEDNESDAY, Jan. 6.  
SENATE. At 11 o'clock the Senate met. Mr. Morrill, called to order by Mr. Moore of New York. Mr. Wallcut of Washington was called to the chair. The Governor and Council having been taken and substituted in the members elect to the Senate, appeared and administered the customary oath.

On motion of Mr. Moore a committee of three were appointed to receive the votes for the Senate, to be taken on the 12th inst. The committee consisted of Mr. John L. Cutler, David C. Atwood, President pro tem., and took the chair. A ballot was then held for Secretary of the Senate, pro tem., and Wm. Trafton was elected by a vote of 8 out of 13 votes.

Mr. Trafton assumed the duties of Secretary, after being sworn.

Prayer was then offered by Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Augusta.

The Secretary was charged with a message to the Governor and Council, informing them of the organization of the Senate pro tem.

On motion of Mr. Moore, a committee of nine was raised, to whom were referred the Senate's report on the petition of Mr. Whidden.

Ordered, That the Secretary of State be directed to deposit in the archives of the Senate the Journals of the Senate during the present session of the Legislature.







## The Muse.

**THE SHEPHERD WIDOW.**  
In consequence of the gale which, in the autumn of 1872, wrecked so many Shepherds fishermen, their widows were obliged to supply their places in the boats, to save their families from famine.

"Aye, land thee hand, my son, to push  
The shallop from the shore,  
For I must take thy father's place  
To ply the feathered oar;  
And out upon the faithless sea  
Must thou my little steersman be."

"And thou wilt trim the sail, and steer  
Head-land and low reef 't;  
And mark where mackerel rocks beryl  
And sparkle in the sun;  
The deeper waters lie:  
Small skill, I know, my son, is thine—  
But, alas! still less is mine."

"My weak heart trembles thus to see  
Our cut no longer near;  
And view the lessening winding shore,  
Like a faint line appear;  
My labor, shall I ever see you more,  
Our tread again the flying shore?"

"Mother, thou seest the blue waves break  
And sparkle in the sun,  
And we our laden bark shall moor  
Ere yet the tide is done."  
"So smiled the sea that very day,  
That last they father went away."

"But inland see the sea-meers reer  
I fear a ferry's sigh;  
Glad I could sleep beneath the waves,  
But I could not see thee die;  
How near these wailing storm-birds keep,  
And o'er the roughening billows sweep!"

"Nay, courage, mother, ne'er be here  
Wast thou outside the bay;  
For often, from the stern to stern,  
The stormy petrels fly;  
And rest thee on the ocean's gale  
With gentle breezes fill the sail."

"And e'er the crated ocean waves  
Our sail shall palely ride,  
As o'er the breakers and the surf  
We see you sea-fowl glide;  
And he who guides the sea-bird thus,  
Will surely, mother, think on us."

"God bless thee, boy! thou art my stay,  
While I should comfort thee;  
The widow and the orphan's God  
Is he who rules the sea;  
And I will trust his power to guide  
Our shallop homeward o'er the tide."

## A TEAR.

Some feelings are to mortals given  
With less of earth in them than heaven;  
And if there be a human tear  
Ev'ry passion's deep refined and clear,  
A tear so bland and so meek,  
It would not stain an angel's cheek,  
'Tis that which pious fathers shed  
Upon a dutiful daughter's head.

## The Story-Teller.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## A DEER HUNT IN A "DUG OUT."

There are six well-defined species of deer in North America, in its temperate and frigid zones. More than two species are rarely found inhabiting the same district, and the geographical distribution of these animals is somewhat singular, the reindeer, moose, elk, and common deer occupying a succession of zones from north to south, but overlapping each other. There are two other species—the black-tail and the long-tail—and of these less is known than of any of the preceding. The reason is, that both these species inhabit a region of country hitherto but little explored by men of science. Both are found only in the western part of the continent—that is, in the wild regions extending from the Mississippi to the Pacific. In longitude as far east as the Mississippi, they are rarely seen, but as you travel westward, either approaching the Rocky Mountains, or beyond these to the shores of the Pacific, they are the common deer of these countries. The black-tail deer, (*Cervus macrotis*), is more southern in its range. It is found in the California, and the valleys of the Rocky Mountains, as far south as Texas; while to the north it is met with in Oregon, and on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, as high as the fifty-fourth parallel. The long-tailed species (*C. leucurus*) is the most common deer of Oregon and the Columbia River, and its range also extends east of the Rocky Mountains, though not so far as the longitude of the Mississippi. These two species are often confounded with each other, though in many respects they are totally different. Indeed, there are two varieties of the former, both having the black tails and long ears which distinguish them from other animals of the deer kind. From the great length of their ears, they are called mule-deer by many hunters; but black-tails is the name most commonly used, from the circumstance that the hair upon their tail tips is of a deep jetty blackness and very conspicuous. The black-tails are larger than the long-tails, their legs shorter and their bodies altogether of a stouter build. In running, they bound with all their feet raised at once; while those of the long-tailed species run more like the common fallow-deer, by trotting a few steps and then giving one bound, and trotting as before. It is to this species our description will now be confined, as in connection with it the adventure we are about to relate itself.

The long-tailed deer is one of the smallest of the deer kind. Its weight rarely exceeds 100 pounds. It resembles in form and habits the common fallow-deer, the chief distinction being the tail, which renders the former a conspicuous object. This appendage is often found to measure eighteen inches in length. While running, it is held erect, and kept constantly switching from side to side, so as to produce a singular and somewhat ludicrous effect on the mind of the spectator. Its gait is also peculiar. It first takes two bounding steps that resemble a trot, after these it makes a long bound, which carries it about twice the distance of the steps, and then it trots again. No matter how closely pursued, it never alters this mode of progression.

Like the fallow-deer, it produces spotted fawns which are brought forth in the spring, and change their color to that of the adult in the first winter. About the month of November they gather into herds, and remain together until April, when they separate, the females secreting themselves to bring forth their young. The long-tailed deer is found principally in wooded countries; but its favorite haunts are not in the heavy timber of the great forests, but in the park-like openings that occur in many parts of the Rocky Mountain range. Some of these regions whose surface exhibits a pleasing variety of woodland and prairie; sloping hills and valleys, with a few scattered trees and along their sides. Among these long-tailed deer, browsing along the declivities of the hills, and by their elegant attitudes and graceful movements, adding to the beauty of the landscape.

Some years ago, I had an opportunity of hunting the long-tailed deer. I was on my way across the Rocky Mountains to Fort Vancouver, when circumstances rendered it necessary that I

should stop for some days at a small trading post on one of the branches of the Columbia. I was, in fact, detained, waiting for a party of fur-traders with whom I was to travel, and who required some time to get their packs in readiness. The trading post was a small place, miserably furnished, having scarcely more than enough in its two or three wretched log cabins to lodge half the company that happened at the time to claim its hospitality. As my business was simply to wait for my traveling companions, I was of course *range* almost to death in such a place. There was nothing to be seen about but packs of beaver, otter, mink, fox, and bear skins; and nothing to be heard but the incessant chattering of Canadian voyageurs, in a mixed jargon of French, English, and Indian. To make matters still more unpleasant, there was very little to eat, and nothing to drink but the clear cold water of the little mountain stream upon which the fort was built.

The surrounding country, however, was beautiful, and the lovely landscapes that on every side met the eye almost compensated for the discomforts of the post. The surface of the country was what was termed rolling—gentle undulations here and there rising into low, rounded hills of low elevation. There were crowned with copes of shrubby trees, principally of the wild hazel (*corypha*) with several species of rose and raspberry (*rubus*), and bushes of the juncberry (*amelanchier*) with their clusters of purplish-red fruit. The openings between were covered with a sward of short grama grass, and the whole landscape presented the appearance of a cultivated park; so that one looked along the undulating outlines of the hills for some noble mansion or lordly tower. It is just in such situations that the fallow-deer delights to dwell; and these are the favorite haunts of its near congener, the long-tail. I had ascertained from the people of the post; and the fact that fresh venison was so staple and readily food, was pretty sufficient that some species of deer was to be found in the neighborhood. I was not long, therefore, after my arrival, in putting myself in train for a hunt.

Unfortunately, the gentlemen of my company were too busy to go along with me; so were the numerous *engages*, or half-bred, who happened, however, to be a good guide for such an expedition, as well as a first rate hunter.

Setting out, we kept down the stream for some distance, walking along the bank. We saw numerous deer-tracks in the mud, where the animals had gone to and from the water. These tracks were almost fresh, and many of them, as my servant asserted, must have been made the previous night by the animals coming to drink—a common habit with them, especially in hot weather. But, strange to say, we walked a mile or more without getting a glimpse of a single deer, or any other sort of animal.

I was becoming discouraged, when my man proposed that we should leave the stream, and proceed back among the hills. The deer, he believed, would be found there.

This was resolved upon, and we accordingly struck out for the high ground. We soon climbed up from the river bottom, and threaded our way amidst the fragrant shrubberies of antelopes and wild roses, cautiously scrutinizing every new vista that opened before us. We had not gone far before we caught sight of several deer; we could also hear them at intervals, behind the copes that surrounded us, the males uttering a strange whistling sound, similar to that produced by blowing into the barrel of a gun, while this was occasionally replied to by the goat-like bleat of the females. Strange to my eyes, however, they were all very shy, and notwithstanding much cautious crawling and creeping among the bushes, we wandered about for nearly two-thirds of the day without getting a shot at any of them. What had made them so wary we could not at the time tell, but we learned afterwards, that a large party of Flathead Indians had gone over the ground only a day or two before, and had put the deer through a three days' chase, from which they had not yet recovered. Indeed, we saw Indian "signs" all along the route, and at one place came upon the head and horns of a fine buck, which, from some fancy or other of the hunter, had been left suspended from the branch of a tree, and had thus escaped being stripped by the wolves. At sight of this trophy, my companion appeared to be in ecstasies. I could not understand what there was in a worthless set of antlers to produce such joyful emotions; but as Blue Dick—such was the sobriquet of my servant—was not much given to idle exhibitions of feeling, I knew there must be something in it.

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"Something that ought to grow about you, else I'm mighty mistaken in the sign. Let me try down yonder," and Dick pointed to a piece of low swampy ground that lay to one side of our course.

I assented, and followed him to the place. We had hardly reached the border of the wet ground when an exclamation from my companion told me that the "something" he wanted was in sight.

"Yonder master; the very weed: see yonder," Dick pointed to a tall herbaceous plant that grew near the edge of the swamp. It stem was fully eight feet in height, with large lobed leaves, and wide-spreading umbel of white flowers. I knew the plant well. It was that which is known in some places as *masterweed*, but more commonly by the name of cowparsnip. Its botanical name is *Heracleum lanatum*. I knew that its roots possessed stimulant and emmenagogue properties; but that the plant had anything to do with deer-hunting, I was ignorant. Dick, however, was better acquainted with its uses in that respect; and his hunting-craft soon manifested itself. Drawing his knife from his sheath, he cut one of the joints from the stem of the herb, about six inches in length. This he commenced fashioning somewhat after the manner of a penny trumpet. In a few minutes he had whittled it to the proper form and dimensions, after which he put up his knife, and applying the pipe to his lips, blew into it. The sound produced so exactly resembled that which I had already heard to proceed from the deer, that I was startled by it. Not having followed his manoeuvres, I fancied for a moment that we had got into close proximity with one of the long-tails. My companion laughed, as he pointed triumphantly to his new-made "call."

"Now, master," said he, "we'll soon 'rub out' one of the long-tailed bucks." So saying, he took up the call, and desired me to follow him. We proceeded as before, walking quickly but cautiously among the thickets, and around their edges. We had gone only a few hundred paces further, when the hollow whistle of a buck sounded in our ears.

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After skinning our game, and hanging the meat out of reach of the barking wolves, we proceeded as before; and soon another buck was slain in a manner very similar to that described. This ended our day's hunt, as it was late before Dick brought him of the delay; and taking the best parts of both the long-tails upon our shoulders, we trudged homeward to the post.

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During the next day, Dick and I proceeded in our preparations without saying anything to any one. It was our design to keep our night-hunt a secret, lest we might be unsuccessful, and get laughed at for our pains. On the other hand, should we succeed in killing a goodly number of long-tails, it would be time enough to let it be known how we had managed matters. We had little difficulty in keeping our designs to ourselves. Every one was busy with his own affairs, and took no heed of our manoeuvres. Our chief difficulty lay in procuring a boat; but for the consideration of a few loads of powder, we at length borrowed an old canoe that belonged to one of the Flathead Indians—a sort of hang-on of the post. This craft was simply a log of the cotton-wood (*Populus canadensis*), by the goat-like bleat of the females. Strange to my eyes, however, they were all very shy, and notwithstanding much cautious crawling and creeping among the bushes, we wandered about for nearly two-thirds of the day without getting a shot at any of them. What had made them so wary we could not at the time tell, but we learned afterwards, that a large party of Flathead Indians had gone over the ground only a day or two before, and had put the deer through a three days' chase, from which they had not yet recovered. Indeed, we saw Indian "signs" all along the route, and at one place came upon the head and horns of a fine buck, which, from some fancy or other of the hunter, had been left suspended from the branch of a tree, and had thus escaped being stripped by the wolves. At sight of this trophy, my companion appeared to be in ecstasies. I could not understand what there was in a worthless set of antlers to produce such joyful emotions; but as Blue Dick—such was the sobriquet of my servant—was not much given to idle exhibitions of feeling, I knew there must be something in it.

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In search of another pair of gleaming eyes. In less than half an hour these appeared, and we succeeded in killing a second long-tail—a doe—and dragged her also into the boat. Shortly after a third was knocked over, which we found standing out in the river upon a small point of land. This proved to be a young spike-buck, his horns having not as yet branched off into antlers. About a quarter of a mile further down, a fourth deer was shot at, and missed, the dug-out having grazed suddenly against a rock just as I was pulling the trigger, thus rendering my aim unsteady.

I need hardly say that this sport was extremely exciting; and we had got many miles from the post, without thinking either of the distance or the fact that we should be under the disagreeable necessity of paddling the buck again. Down stream it was all plain sailing; and Dick's duty was light enough, as it consisted merely in keeping the dug-out head foremost in the middle of the river. The current ran at the rate of three miles an hour, and therefore drifted us along with sufficient rapidity.

The first thing that suggested a return to either of us, was the fact that our pine-knots had run out; Dick had just piled the last of them in the flying-pan. At this moment, a noise sounded in our ears that caused us some feeling of alarm: it was the noise of falling water. It was not new to us, for, since leaving the post, we had passed the mouths of several small streams, that descended into the one upon which we were, in most cases over a jumble of rocks, thus forming a series of noisy rapids. But that which we now heard was directly ahead of us, and must, *thought* we, be a rapid or fall of the stream itself; moreover, it appeared louder than any I had hitherto passed.

We had not long passed this point, when my attention was attracted by a pair of fiery orbs that glinted out of some low bushes upon the left bank of the river. I saw that they were the eyes of some animal, but what kind I could not tell. I knew they were not the eyes of a deer. Moreover, they moved at times, as if the head of the animal was carried about in irregular circles. This is never the case with the eyes of a deer, which either pass hurriedly from point to point, or remain fixed at a steady gaze. I knew, therefore, it was no deer; but no matter what it was some wild creature, and all alike are the game of the prairie-lioner. I took aim, and pulled trigger. While doing so, I heard the voice of my companion warning me, as I thought, not to fire. I wondered at this admonition, but it was then too late to heed it, for he had been uttered almost simultaneously with the unexpected precipitation over the falls had cooled his courage, if not his hostility.

Dick and I headed the canoe, now half full of water. To the opposite bank, which we contrived to reach by using the rifle and our hands for paddles. Here we made the vessels fast to a tree, intending to leave it there, as we could not by any possibility get it back over the falls. Having hung our game out of reach of the wolves, we turned our faces up stream, and after a long and wearisome walk, succeeded in getting back to the post. Next morning a party went down for the venison, with the intention also of carrying the canoe back over the fall. The craft, however, was found to be so much injured, that it would not hang together during the portage, and was therefore abandoned. This was no pleasant matter to me, for it afterwards cost me a considerable sum before I could secure the old Flathead for the worthless dug-out.

**INHABITANTS OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS.**  
From Capt. McClure's Despatches to the British Admiralty, we make the following interesting extracts:

August 11th.—In the morning the weather cleared a little, and discovered to us Jones' Island. An erect piece of wood on the shore attracted the attention of the officer of the watch; a boat was sent to examine it, when it was found to be a piece of drift wood which had been squarred to the top by the ice. The shore was covered with it, and one spar was as large as our mainmast, and 45 feet in length. We erected a cairn and left a notice. In the forenoon about 20 natives came off in two baidars, from whom we obtained some fish and ducks in exchange for a little tobacco. They had been about two months on the coast, and traded with the Russian Fur Company.

Their surprise, of course, was very great, particularly at the size of our handkerchiefs (the sail); the whaleboats attracted their attention, and they asked if trees grew in our country sufficiently large to make them. The head man possessed a gun, with "Barnett, 1840," upon the lock; this he obtained from the Russians. As a fair specimen of the observation of these people and their aptitude for trade, the following may be taken: Seeing that we cut the tobacco into pieces to give in exchange for their fish (salmon trout), they began to do the same with the fish. This, however, we would not admit, so they were obliged to come to our terms.

During the afternoon, while standing along a low flat island, we observed a flag (a pair of sealskin natives) upon a lofty pole, and a number of natives around it; we stood for them, but when the boats were pulling in they appeared to regret their temerity, for down came the seal-skin and away they ran; shortly, gaining courage, they returned, and as we approached, arranged themselves in a line upon the beach, and commenced extending their arms above their heads (typical of friendship), which being answered from the boats, perfectly assured them of our amiable intentions. Upon landing they evinced a most manly confidence, rubbing noses, and embracing most vigorously; these were very cleanly, so that the operation was not so unpleasant as it otherwise might have been.

Sharp, an Irishman, who was busily engaged in sweeping the floor of a grocery store up town, a few days ago, was interrogated as follows:

"I say, Pat, what are you doing there sweeping out that room?"

"No!" exclaimed Pat, "I'm sweeping out the dirt and leaving the room."

Pleading at the bar, says a Western editor, is trying to persuade the bar keeper to trust you for a three-cent nipper.

back into the bottom of the canoe. They still continued to blaze, and their light now falling towards the stern, showed us a fearful object. The bear had seized hold of the dug-out, and his fierce head and long curving claws were visible over the edge. Although the little craft danced about upon the water, and was likely to be turned keel up, the animal showed no intention of relaxing its hold, but, on the contrary, seemed every moment mounting higher into the canoe.

Our peril was now extreme. We knew it, and the knowledge half paralyzed us. Both of us had started up, and for some moments both sat, half-crouched, uncertain how to act. Should we use the paddles, and get ourselves into the jaws of the bear? On the other hand, we could not remain as we were, for in a few seconds we should be drifted over the falls; and how high those were, we know not. We had never heard of them; they might be fifty feet—they might be a hundred. High enough they were, no doubt, to precipitate us into eternity. The prospect was appalling, and our thoughts ran rapidly. Quick action was wanted. I could think of no other than to lean sternward, and to strike at the bear with my clubbed rifle. At the same time I called upon my companion to paddle for the shore. We preferred, under all circumstances, risking the chances of a land-encounter with our grizzly antagonist.

I had succeeded in keeping the bear out of the canoe by several well-planted blows upon the snout; and Dick was equally successful in forcing the dug-out nearer to the bank, when a sharp crack reached my ears, followed by a terrific cry from my companion. I glanced suddenly round, to ascertain the cause of these demonstrations. I saw that in his hands a short round stick, which I recognized as the shaft of the paddle. The blade had snapped off, and was floating away on the surface.

We were now helpless. The manage of the canoe was no longer possible. Over the falls we must go! We thought of leaping out, but it was too late. We were almost upon the edge, and the black current that bore our craft along, would have carried our bodies with like velocity. We could not make a dozen strokes before we should be swept to the brink; it was too late. We both saw this, and each knew the feelings of the other, for we felt alike. Neither spoke, but, crouching down and holding the gunwales of the canoe, we awaited the awful moment. The bear seemed to have some apprehension as well as us, for, instead of continuing his endeavors to climb into the canoe, he contented himself with holding fast to the stern, evidently under some delusion that the torch still lit, and the canoe was catching fire; perhaps this it